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THE LADY OF THE HEAVENS.

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Suddenly it seemed to her that she was wide awake, and staring into a part of the pool beneath her where the bottom was of granite and the water clear. In this water she saw a pic-ture. She saw a great laager of wag-ons, and outside of one of them a group of bearded, jovial-looking men smok-ing and talking. Presently another man of sturdy build and resolute carriage, who was followed by a weary Kaffir, walked up to them. His back was towards her so that she could not was towards her so that she could not see his face, but now she was able to hear all that was said, although the voices seemed thin and far away.
"What is it, Nephew?" asked the oldest of the bearded men, speaking in Dutch. "Why are you in such a hurry?"

hurry?"
"This, Uncle," he answered, in the same language, and in a pleasant voice that sounded familiar to Rachel's ears, That spy, Quabi, whom we sent out a long time ago and who was reported dead, reached Dingaan's kraal,and has come back with a strange story."
"Almighty!" grunted the old man,
"all these spies have strange stories,
but let him tell it. Speak on, swart-

Then the tired spy began to talk, telling a long tale. He described how he had got into Zululand, and reached Umgugundhlovo and lodged there with relative of his, and done his best to collect information as to the attitude of the King and indunas towards the Boers. While he was there the news came that the white Spirit, who was called Inkosazana-y-Zoola, was approaching the kraal from Natal, where

she dweit with her parents.
"Almighty!" interrupted the old man again. "What rubbish is this? How can a Spirit, white or black, have pa-

can a Spirit, white or black, have parents?"

The weary-looking spy answered that he did not know, it was not for him to answer riddles, all he knew was that there was great excitement about the coming of this Queen of the Heavens, and he, being desirous of obtaining first-hand information, silvaned out of the town with his relaslipped out of the town with his rela-tive, and walked more than a day's tive, and walked more than a day's journey on the path that ran to the Tugela, till they came to a place where they hid themselves to see her pass. This place he described with minuteness—so minutely, indeed, that in her dream, Rachel recognized it well. It was the spot where the witch-doctress had died. He went on with his story; he told of her appearance riding on the white horse and surrounded by on the white horse and surrounded by an impl. He described her beauty, her white cloak, her hair hanging down her back, the rod of horn she carried in her hand, the color of her eyes, the shape of her features, everything about her, as only a native can. Then he told of the incident of the cattle rushing across her path, of the death of the bull that charged her, of the apearance of the furious witch-doctoress who seized the rein of the horse, of the pointing of the wand and the instant execution of the wom-

He told of how he had followed the impi to the Great Place, of the story of Noie as he had heard it, and the reports that had reached him con-cerning the interview between the King and this white Inkosazana who, it was said, advised him not to fight the Boers. "And where is she now?" asked the

old Dutchman.
"There, at Umgugundhlovo," he an-

and grown to manhood, but without doubt Richard Darrien and none oth-

The shadow of Richard nodded, and his face reddened, for the Boers around were laughing at him.

"That is right, Uncle," he answered boldly. "You think me a fool, but

I am not. Many years ago I knew a little maid who was the daughter of a teacher, and who, if she lives, must have grown into much such a woman as Quabi describes. Well, I joined as Quabi describes. Well, I joined you Boers last year in order to look for that maid, and I am going to be-gin to look for her across the river

As the words reached whatever ense of Rachel's it was that heard them, of a sudden in an instant laager, Boers, and Richard vanished. In her sleep she tried to recreate them, at first without avail, then the curtain of darkness appeared to lift, and in the still water of the pool she saw an-other picture, that of Richard Dar-rien mounted on a black horse with one white foot, riding along a native path through a bush-clad country, while by his side trotted the spy

whose name was Quabi.
They were talking together, and she heard, or, at any rate, knew their

vords.
"How far is it now to Umgugundhlovo?" asked Richard.
"Three days' journey, Inkosi, if we are not stopped by flooded rivers" an-

wered Quabi.
For one second only Rachel saw and heard these things, then they, too, passed away, and she awoke to see in front of her the pool empty save for its lilies, and above to hear the whispering of the evening wind among the

of bitterness. If a true vision—oh! then what did it mean to her? It meant that Richard Darrien lived—Richard, of whom her heart had been awaits him." full for years. It meant that his heart was full of her also, for had she not seemed to hear him say that he had traveled from the Cape with the Boers to look for her, and was he not journeying alone through a hostile land to pursue his search? Who would such a thing for the sake of a girl ess—unless? It mean that he would unless-unless? protect her, would rescue her from her terrible plight, would take her from among these savages to her home again-oh! and perhaps much more that she did not dare to picture to her-

Yet how could such things be? The?
were contrary to experience, at any rate, to the experience of white folk though natives would believe in them easily enough. Yet in Nature things might be possible which were genera'ly held to be impossible. Her nother had certain gifts—had she, perhaps, inherited them? Had her helplessness appealed to the pity of some higher nower? Had her ceaseless prayers been heard? Yet, why should the universal laws be stretched for her?

"King, the watchmen report that it has been called from hilltop to hilltop to hilltop to the pity at a white man who rides a black horse, has crossed the Buffalo, and travels towards the Great Palace What is thy pleasure? Shall he be killed or driven back?"

"When did that news come?" asked the King in the silence which followed this announcement.

"Not a minute gone," he answered. "The inner watchman ran with it, and universal laws be stretched for her? Yet how could such things be? They

Why should she be allowed to lift a corner of the black veil of ignorance that hems us in, and see a glimpse of what lies beyond? If Richard were really coming, in a day or two she would have learned of his arrival naturally; there was no need that these mysterious influences should be set to work to inform her of his approach.

proach.

How selfish she was. The warning How selfish she was. The warning might concern him, not her. It was probable enough that the Zulus would kill a solitary white man, especially if they discovered that he proposed to visit their Inkosazana. Well, she had the power to protect him. If she "threw her mantle" over him, no man in all the land would dare to do him violence. Surely it was for this reason violence. Surely it was for this reason that she had been allowed to learn these things, if she had learned them, not for her own sake, but his. If she had learned them! Well, she would take the risk, would run the chance of failure and of mockery, yes, and of the loss of her power among these people. It should be done at once.

Rachel clapped her hands, and a maiden appeared whom she bade summon the captain of the guard without the gate. Presently he came surround.

the gate. Presently he came, surround-ed by a band of her women, since no man might visit the Inkosazana alone Bildding him to cease from his saluta-tions, she commanded him to go swiftly to the Great Place and pray of Dingaan that he would send her an escort and a litter, as she must see him that night on a matter of which would not brook delay.

In an hour, just after she had finish-

ed her food, which she ate with more appetite than she had known for days the transfer and known for days, it was reported that they were there. Throwing on her white cloak, and taking her horn wand, she entered the litter and, guarded by a hundred men, was borne swiftly to the House of Dingaan. At its gate she descended, and once more entered that court by the mountiest. moonlight.

As before, there sat the King and his indunas without the Great Hut, and while she walked towards them every man rose crying, "Hail! Inkosazana." "Yes, even Dingaan, meuntain of flesh though he was, struggled from his stool and saluted her. Rachel acknowledged the saluted for hysicians.

acknowledged the salutation by raising her wand, motioned to them to be seated, and waited.

"Art thou come, White One," asked Dingaan, "to make clear those dark words thou spokest to us a moon ago?"

"Nay, King," she answered, "what I said then, I said once and for all. Read thou the saying as thou wilt, or let the Ghost-people interpret it thee. Hear me, King and Councillors Ye have kept me here when I would be gone, my business being ended, that I might be a judge among this people. Ye have told me that the rivers were in flood, that the beast I rode was sick, that evil would befall the land if

sick, that evil would befall the land if I deserted you. Now I know, and ye know, that if it pleased me I could have departed when and wh'ther I would, but it was not fitting that the Inkosazana should creep out of Zululand like a thief in the night, so I abode on in my house yonder. Yet my heart grew wrath with you, and I, to whom the white people listen also, was half minded to bring hither the thouhalf minded to bring hither the thou-sands of the Amaboona who are en-camped beyond the Buffalo River, that they might escort me to my home." Now at these bold words the King looked uneasy, and one of the coun-cillors whispered to another: "How knows she that the white men are camped beyond the Buffalo?"

might not this arrival and the circumstance of her dream or vision be a mere coincidence? What was there to show that the stranger who was riding a black horse was really Richard Darrien? Perhaps it was all a mistake, and he was only one of those white wanderers of the stamp of the outcast Ishmael who, even at that date made their way into savage countries for the purposes of gain or to enjoy a

for the purposes of gain or to enjoy a life of license. And yet, and yet Quabi, of whom she also dreamed, had

The next two days were terrible to

Rachel. She endured them as she had endured all those that went before. trying the cases that were brought to

her, keeping up her apparanc of dis-tant dignity and utter indifference

She asked no questions, since to do so

of news, for although she sat by her pool and again tried to sleep by its

waters, these remained blind and

vision this said white man would cer-tainly have been killed as a spy. "Yes, I knew that," answered Ra-

Then she yawned, and as though by an afterthought asked if any news had been "called back" from Noie.

Tamboosa answered, No; no system of intelligence had been organized in the direction in which she had gone,

for that country was empty of enemies, and indeed of population. However, this would not distress the Inkosazana,

was so, but as a matter of fact she had not troubled about the matter.

then waved her hand to show that the

and while Rachel was delivering judg-

judgment. Yes, she went on, although her eyes were blind, and the blood

The girl went on her errand while

her companions filed away through the

gianced round to make sure of her

solltude. It was complete, no one was left. There she sat in state upon her carved stool, her wand in her hand,

her white cloak upon her shoulders, and the sunlight that passed over the round of the hut behind her, glinting

on her hair till it shone like a crown

of gold but leaving her face in shadows sat quite still like some lovely tinted

(To be Continued.)

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statue.

depart until the next day.'

interview was at an end.

Swered, Tuning the land as its head issued that she desires to escape, only the Zulus will not let her go."

"I think that we should find out more about this woman, especially as she seems to be a friend to our people," said the old Boer. "Now, who dares to go and learn the truth?"

"I will go," said the young man who had brought in the spy, and as he spoke he turned, and lo! his face was the face of Richard Darrien, bearded and grown to manhood but without.

"Yet," went on Rachel, "I did not do so, for then there must have been much fighting and bloodshed, and blood I hate. But I have done this. With these Amaboona travels an English chief, a young man, one Darrien, whom I knew from long years ago, and who does me reverence. Him, then, I have commanded to journey hither, and to lead me to my own place across the Tugela. To-night I am told he sleeps a short three days' journey from this town, and I am come here to bid you

send out swift messengers to guide him hither." She ceased, and they stared at her

dangerous a mission?" asked the Boer, looking at the young man kindly. "Is it because you wish to see this beautiful white witch of whom yonder Quabi tells us such lies, Nephew?" dumb.
The induna, Tamboosa, on one of his ceremonial visits, after speaking of the health of her mare, which, it seemed, was improving, mentioned incidentally that the messengers running night and day had met the white man and "call-ed back" that he was safe and well. He added that had it not been for her

"Dost thou think, then, King, that thou canst see my messengers? My thoughts flew from me to him, and called in his ear in the night, and I saw his coming in the still pool that lies near my huts."

"Ow!" exclaimed one of the Council,

"she sent her thoughts to him like birds, and she saw his coming in the water of the pool. Great is the magic of the Inkosazana."

"The chief, Darrien," went on Rachel, without heeding the interruption, although she noted that it was Mopo of the withered hand who had spoken from beneath the blanket wrapped about his head. "may be known thus. He is fair of face, with eyes like my eyes, and beard and hair of the color of gold. If I saw right, he rides upon a black horse with one white foot and his only companion is a Kaffir named Quabi who, I think," and she passed her hand across her forehead. "yes who was surely visiting a relation of his, at this, the Great Palace, when I crossed the Tugela."

who had only to consult her Spirit to see all that happened to her servant.

Rachel replied that of course this

Now the King asked if any knew of this Quabi, and an induna answered in an awed voice that it was true that a man so called had been in the town at the time given by the Inkosazana staying with a soldier whose name he

staying with a soldier whose name he mentioned, but who was now away on service. He had, however, departed before the Inkosazana arrived, or so he believed, whither he knew not.

"I thought it was so," went on Rachel. "As I saw him in the pool he is a thin man whose shoulders stoop, and whose beard is white, although his hair is black. He wears no ring upon his head."

sand while Rachel was delivering judgment in a case, a messenger entered and whispered something to the induna on duty, who rose and saluted her.

"Only this, Inkosazana; the white Inkoos from the Buffalo River has arrived, and is without."

"Good," said Rachel, "let him await there." Then she went on with her judgment. Yes, she went on, although his head."

"That is the man," said the induna. "being a stranger I noted him well, as beating in her ears sounded like the it was my business to do."

being a stranger I noted him well, as beating in her ears sounded like the roll of drums. She finished it, and roll of drums. She finished it, and after a decent interval, bowed her head

Richard Comes.

As the sun set Rachel rose and walked to her hut. She was utterly dazed, she could not understand. Was this but a fiction of an overwrought and disordered mind, or had she seen a vision of things passing, or that had passed, far away? If it were a dream, then this was but another drop in her cub of bitterness. If a true vision—oh! then what did it mean to her? It awaits him." Now Dingaan turned to an induna

and said: "Go. do the bidding of the Inkosa-zana. Bid swift runners search out this white chief, and lead him to her house, and remember that if aught of ill befalls him, those men die, and thou

diest also. The induna leapt up and departed and Rachel also made ready to go. A moment later the captain of the gate entered, fell upon his knees before Dingaan, and said: "O King. tidings!"

"What are they, man?" he asked.
"King, the watchmen report that it
has been called from hilltop to hilltop

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days."

"Thy watchmen call but slowly King, the water in the pool speaks swifter," said Rachel, then, still in the midst of a heavy silence, for this thing was fearful to them, she turned and was fearful to them, she turned and speaks with the still the she turned and the second speaks was fearful to them, she turned and the second speaks was fearful to them, she turned and the second speaks was fearful to them, she turned and the second speaks was fearful to them. was fearful to them, she turned and

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chael, indifferently, although her heart thumped within her bosom. "I forget if I said that the Inkoos was to be IRA GREGORY & CO.,

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brought straight here when he arrives. If not, let it be known that such is my command. The King can receive him afterwards if it pleases him to do so, as probably we shall not deposit until the next day."

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